

Latin School Register

June, 1902

VOL. XXI.

No. 10



50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS & C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.



DAY AND EVENING instructions in book-keeping, shorthand and all business studies; best of modern methods and teachers; positions for graduates. Special 3 months' course, new students admitted daily; terms for evening session \$5 per month; send for prospectus, 666 Washington St., cor. Beach, Boston

Bent & Bush



387 Washington St.
Boston

**DRILL CAPS
EMBROIDERIES
CLASS PINS**

Designs and Estimates furnished

**A. STOWELL
& CO. Inc.**

Gifts for every Occasion

Weddings, Birthdays, Engagements
Anniversaries

Prizes for All Games

Prices To Suit All Purposes

Jewelry of all kinds for Men

24 WINTER STREET
BOSTON

JOHN B. FITZPATRICK

Real Estate and Insurance Agency

23 Court Street

Telephone, 1410, Boston

The Boston Regalia Co.

CLASS PINS
DANCE BADGES
PRIZE FLAGS

Please call for Estimates and Designs
7 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

BUY OF THE MANUFACTURERS

Drafting Instruments, Water
Colors in Boxes, Drawing
Papers, Brushes, Etc.

WADSWORTH, HOWLAND & CO., Inc.

82 and 84 Washington Street
216 and 218 Clarendon Street

FACTORIES, MALDEN, MASS

Please mention the REGISTER when you patronize advertisers.

Latin School Register

VOLUME XXI., NUMBER 10

JUNE, 1902

ISSUED MONTHLY

T H E S N A R K

(Concluded)

ACT III.

Enter Beaver, cautiously.

Bea. This is the best place for a Snark I have seen. Only—it's—rather—lonely. I wish someone were here with me. Here is something coming! It is probably a lion. Ooh!

[Hides. Enter Bellman.]

Bell. I shall follow this path on to—to—well, to wherever it goes. I wonder if any of the others are around here.

[Re-enter Beaver.]

Bea. I thought you were a lion. You aren't, are you?

Bell. Not that I know of. Where are you going, Beaver?

Bea. Why, I was going to stay here. It seems to be a good place.

Bell. It's better farther on.

Bea. Have you been there?

Bell. No, of course not.

Bea. What makes you think it is better than this, then?

Bell. You shouldn't ask impertinent questions, my dear. If I say it *is* good, it must be good, whether it is good or not. Well, are you coming?

Bea. Perhaps I will. You know it is rather dark—and—if one is alone—

Bell. Yes, I know just how you feel. I felt that way myself until I met you—all creepy inside.

Bea. That's just it. We can come back here later, if we want to, I suppose?

Bell. Of course, of course.

[Exeunt. After a pause enter the Butcher, Banker and Baker.]

But. As the Bellman would say, this is just the place for a Snark.

Ban. Just the place for a Snark, indeed! Why, this is the worst spot in the whole island!

Bak. Of course it is.

But. Well, Thing-um-bob, nobody asked *your* opinion. Go sit down, and try and remember your name for half an hour or so.

Ban. Thing-um-bob's right, though, this time.

But. (sulkily) Then it's the first time on record.

Ban. Why, any fool could see that no Snark would ever come here.

But. Well, then, go ahead. I don't care to have you stay.

Bak. Very well. Let's go, Banker.

Ban. We had better hurry, too, for night is coming on.

[They start to go out.]

But. Oh! I never thought of that. You aren't going to leave me all alone, are you?

Bak. Why, of course we are.

But. You can't be going to do that. Just see how dark it's getting.

Ban. What difference does that make? You aren't afraid, are you?

4 Latin School Register

But. Of course, I'm not. I've never been afraid in my life, and I don't intend to begin now—only

Bak. Well—

But. Somehow it is just a little lonely to be here, and—it—*is*—dark.

Ban. Well, you needn't blame me for it. I didn't make it dark, did I?

But. No, but you needn't leave me all alone here.

Bak. Come along with us, then.

Ban. Great idea, Thing-um-a-jig!

But. No, I won't do that, but—

Ban. Oh, come along, candle-ends, and leave him.

[Exeunt Banker and Baker.]

But. Now I am searching for the Snark,
A glorious occupation;
(And yet it is a bit too dark,
Upon consideration).

I'll surely be a famous man,
If I can only find it;
(Ah! what a queer noise then began;
I wonder why I mind it).

If I, a Snark, can only *bear*,
I'm certain I can get it;
(Why am I in this valley drear?
I'm sure I shall regret it!)

In "Snarking" all my hopes are
put;
There's no one that can beat me.
(That surely is a creature's foot—
He's coming here to eat me.)

[Enter Beaver, very cautiously.]

Bea. Ah!

But. Oh!

Bea. Ugh!

But. What is that?

Bea. Why, it's the Butcher! What shall I do?

But. Who are you? *Please* don't eat me.

Bea. Oh, *be's* frightened, too. Perhaps

it will be safe, after all. (Aloud) I'm the Beaver.

But. Then you aren't going to eat me?

Bea. No; and you aren't going to cut me up?

But. No. Let's be friends, you and I.

[Noise of the Jubjub.]

Bea. Oh!

But. Oo! Oo! Oh!

Bea. Ow! What was it? What was it?

But. It's the Jubjub! As the Bellman would say, I have uttered that sentiment once. 'Tis the voice of the Jubjub! If you have kept count, you know that I have said so twice. Oh! how that sound recalls the days of my childhood, some hundred years ago, when I used to be kept after school for squeaking my pencil on my slate. The sound is exactly the same. Keep count, I entreat you! It's the song of the Jubjub. If I have only said so three times, the proof is complete.

Bea. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! And I listened to every word so carefully, too. Somehow I contrived to lose count. There is only one way to find out. We must reckon up the amount. Two added to one. If I could only do that! And all because when I went to school I never took any pains with my sums.

But. The thing *can* be done, I think. The thing must be done. Bring me paper and ink. The best there is time to procure. (Exit Beaver.) Two added to one! One added to two! (Drowsily) One added to two! Two added to one! Ton added to woo! Oo added to twon! Twoooo—

[Enter Beaver with paper and ink, who wakes the Butcher up. While the Butcher and Beaver, sitting on a rock in center of stage, are figuring, the chorus of "strange creepy creatures" comes forth and watches them. At length the creatures join hands, and dance around them, singing very softly:]

One times six is four times seven,
Three times eight is twice eleven;
Six times five is forty-three—
All as easy as can be.

Five times three is twenty-four,
Nine times two is just ten more ;
If your sums will not come right,
That will prove you are not bright.

Two plus one does not make three,
That is very plain to see;
Add them up and mix them round,
Till the answer you have found.

[They cease singing, and vanish, one by one.]

But. There, it is done! Now let me explain: Taking three as the subject to reason about, on account of its simplicity, you understand, we add seven, then ten. This result we proceed to multiply by 1000 minus 8. Do you understand so far?

Bea. Perfectly.

But. This product we will divide by 992 ; then we subtract 17, and the answer must be correct. Here is the sum made clear.

[He unrolls a large paper, on which is written in large figures 2x1--3.]

Bea. Why, I understand it perfectly, all of it.

But. I would gladly explain the method employed, while I have it so clear in my head, if I had but the time, and you had but the brain ; but I have a great deal more to tell you, for in one moment I have seen what has hitherto been enveloped in absolute darkness. I will give you a lesson—without extra charge—in natural history. As to temper, the Jub-jub is a desperate bird, as it lives in a perpetual rage. Its taste in costume is really ridiculous—taste in costume in a bird is rather absurd any way, as it is ages ahead of the fashion. But, still, it has its good points. For instance, it always recognizes its friends, and it will not so much as look at a bribe. Its flavor, when cooked, is exquisite, they say, being superior to mutton, or oysters, or eggs. It should be boiled in sawdust, and salted in glue, and condensed with locusts and tape. I could

go on thus all day, but I feel that the lesson must end somewhere.

Bea. Oh! how can I thank you? I have learned more in ten minutes with you than books would have taught me in seventy years.

But. My dear friend!

Bea. I love you!

[Enter all the others.]

Bell. Look at that!

Ban. My gracious!

But. I love you!

Boots. Oh!

Bar. Talk about the lion and the lamb!

Bil. Hi! Wake up, there!

[They join one another.]

Bak. What has happened?

But. Never you mind, Thing-um-a-jig.

Bell. This more than repays all the wearisome time we have spent on the billowy ocean.

Bro. But has anyone seen a Snark?

Boots. No, not a trace of one.

Ban. We must keep on hunting, if that is the case. Come along.

[The Bandersnatch comes in and pursues the Banker round the stage. At length it goes off, leaving the Banker on the ground.]

Bar. A Bandersnatch! A Bandersnatch!

Bil. What's the matter with him?

Bro. He is dead.

Bea. Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall we do?

All. He's dead! He's dead!

Ban. (getting up and dancing about)

The Bandersnatch came after me,

Hurroo berwisch der rum rum gee!

The Bandersnatch couldn't catch me at all,

Surrum der whoo yow bat vat pall!

Bell. Stop, man, stop! His utter inanity proves his insanity. We must leave him to his fate.

[The Banker rushes off, singing loudly.]

Bea. Can't we help him?

Bell. No; we have lost half a day al-

6 Latin School Register

ready, and we shan't catch a Snark before night if any other delay occurs.

Bak. I am going up those rocks to the left.

But. Go ahead, Thing-um-bob! *You* aren't in any danger of finding anything.

Bak. Don't you be too sure.

[Exit.]

Boots. Shall we separate, or wait here for Candle-ends?

But. What's the use of waiting for *him*? He'll never find a Snark.

Bil. Suppose we shouldn't any of us find a Snark?

Bell. Don't mention such a thing. We must find one.

Bro. Not a trace, not a sign, not even a sound of a Snark.

Bar. Well, let us go.

Bak. (without) Hi! Ho!

Bell. There is Thing-um-bob shouting!

Bak. (without) Ho! Hum!

Boots. He is shouting like mad.

[All look off at right.]

Bil. Look! On that crag! He is waving his hands, he is wagging his head!

Bak. (without) Oh! Ho!

Bell. Only hear him! Our unnamed hero!

Bak. (without) It's — a — *Snark!*

All. Hurrah! Hurrah!

Bak. (without) It's — a — Boo—jum!

Boots. He's vanished!

But. It was a Boojum.

Bea. Look? Over there!

Bell. (solemnly) His snark *was* a Boojum.

All. The hunting of the Snark is o'er;

Our ship we'll homeward stir;

We won't be happy any more

Until we're at the pier.

We leave two trusty comrades here,

Both killed for this great cause.

The one, the frumious Bandersnatch

Laid low with awful claws.

The other died just in the midst

Of fancied triumphs great.

He found his Snark a Boojum fierce,

But found it out too late.

This tragedy which you have seen

Has cost us two dear friends;

We hope you sympathize with us;

And so the drama ends.

[Curtain.]

H. A. B.



The editor-in-chief, Henry A. Bellows, has been very seriously ill with pneumonia for the last four weeks. We are very glad to say that he is now much improved in health. We wish him a speedy recovery.

W. B. Dinsmoor, '02, has also been seriously ill with pneumonia, but is now much better.

L. Ward, '99, has been elected editor-in-chief of the Harvard Monthly for the year 1902-1903.

Stuart Bent, '99, was on the Harvard Weld crew which rowed Annapolis.

Ubtricesque sedent in limine Diræ.

And the Furies took vengeance by sitting on the doorstep.

Il me faisait de la peine.

He gave me a pain.

Cetera Trinacrii pubes seniori Acastae fertur equis.

The rest of the elder Acastes is carried on a youthful Sicilian horse.

Ha! ils sont envolés par toutes ces couvertures.

Hah! they have flown away through all these blankets.

T H E T H U N D E R E R

THE old highway from Riversmouth to Berle used to run straight up over the side of Mount Thunderer, a great confusion of bowlders and spruce covered heights in the northern corner of the town's territories. The mountain had earned its name from an ancient Indian legend that the mountain was wont to thunder an answer to the storms that swept over it. According to this legend the Great Spirit had imprisoned a number of wicked chiefs of by-gone days in its rocky caverns ; and these bad men, in their frantic efforts to escape whenever the elements were in confusion about them, were supposed to be accountable for the convulsions that always seemed to be taking place during storms in the neighborhood of the mountain. At all events, the belated traveller who was so unfortunate as to be overtaken by a storm on the steep, rocky road, dark with the overhanging trees of the forest, might well believe any legend about the place ; for the echoes with which the region abounded were so strange and persistent that any loud noise was sure to be magnified and repeated in an alarming manner.

At the very summit, however, the forest fell back, and the road emerged from its dark archway to run close by the edge of a sheer precipice, separated only by a frail railing from a clear drop of two hundred feet to the glancing waters of the little creek below. From this point in the road there extends an unbroken prospect for miles into the hazy distance, over the surge and swell of wood, and pasture-land, and orchard, the glimmering uncertainty of the distant ocean.

A short distance before arriving at the foot of this mountain the traveller passes the crazy, dilapidated ruin of the once prosperous Marston Inn. It stands close to the fork made in the highway, where the dusty turnpike to Canfield starts.

Not always was the inn the ruin it now is. One summer afternoon many decades ago you could not have wished a prettier picture of comfort and prosperity than this inn presented, shaded by a row of great maples in the doorway, smoke curling slowly up from the huge chimney, and the sounds of housewifely industry humming cheerily from the open windows.

The afternoon stage from Riversmouth has just arrived and mine host Hammett stands at the gate with the driver of the coach, watching the great masses of dark clouds pile up in the west.

"You won't try to get the stage over old Thunderer to-night will ye now, John ?" the white haired inn keeper is saying with concern.

"Humph, I should think you'd have known me a sight better than to ask that question, Luke," returns the driver of the coach. Haven't I driven this rig for nigh forty year now, an' never did, an' never will, git over that mountain in a thunder storm. My, aren't those clouds black ! An' say, Luke," in a lower tone, "did you know I heard Pete Cassel's gang has been kind o' hankerin' after some of the insides of my mail bags for some time ?"

"I was just coming to that myself," replies Luke, slowly. "Doctor May came down over the mountain from Berle 'bout an hour ago, an' he said as when he was comin' up the east side of the mountain he saw five men walkin' along the road a piece ahead of him. He says they slunk off into the brush when they heard his wagon comin' along ; but the doctor recognized Pete Cassel sure, an' he says he's pretty sure Squire Ames's boy was another, but he couldn't tell for sure. It stands to reason that Pete Cassel doesn't leave the ale-house for nothing, an' walk 'way out o' town like this just for the prommynade, doesn't it ?"

"I guess so. But, I say, its too bad 'bout

Squire Ames's Martin. He was as likely an' well set-up a young fellow as there was in town till he got to goin' with this Cassel gang. It's too bad, too bad. His father's near broken his heart over him."

"That's so, John, that's so. Then there's that Prince girl over in Canfield, too. You know they say she won't believe one thing against him. Her folks have tried to persuade her to break away from him once for all, but she won't listen to them, no, not for one minute. Why she even —. My! here comes the rain. We'd better be gettin' under cover. Just listen to that thunder! I never heard it so loud before, seems to me."

The two men hastened up the path, for the sky was pitchy black, and the water was beating down in torrents. The lightning was most vivid. Darkness settled quickly in the tumult of the storm, and soon the lights of the inn were shooting a cheerful defiance into the blinding turbulence that beat down around the inn. The Thunderer was roaring terribly. Great sheets of lightning seemed to be chasing the thunder claps round and round among its rocky fastnesses.

And so, in the noise of the rain, the people at the inn did not hear the grating of wheels in the road as a coach rolled up to the inn gate and stopped there in the rain. A loud call, however, brought the whole company from the inn parlor to the door, which was flung open, shedding out a narrow path of light upon the spattering pools in the door yard. Luke, the inn-keeper, flung a cape over his head and shoulders, and, carrying a lantern in his hand, picked his way up the glistening path. The coach stood dark and silent, the horses pawing the ground, rendered almost unmanagable from fear of the storm. Luke had never before seen the driver, who now accosted him from his high seat.

"Can I get over the mountain to Berle to-night, think you?"

"Over the mountain!" And Luke almost dropped the lantern in dismay. "Over the mountain! Get under it, maybe, or through it, but don't try to get over that mountain to-night. See here, man, it can't be done. Besides there's a gang of ne'er-do-wells up there to-night waiting for the mail — leastwise if the rain hasn't scared them away. Better stay here and get dry like the mail's doin'."

"Hum," from the driver of the coach, "I guess what can't be done 's not to be done. But I've got a lady here who's bound to get to Berle to-night. But I don't know. Maybe—"

While he yet hesitated, and Luke was getting impatient in the cold sweep of the rain, the door of the coach was flung open with a snap, and a young woman half stepped out. She was dressed in black, save for a white cape or hood about her head and shoulders. Even in the dark Luke could see her eyes flash as she cried to the driver, "Coward! Oh you coward! You know you promised you'd take me over the mountain to-night, and now you're afraid! Afraid of a little rain and noise! But I will go, I will! Get inside the coach here if you're so timid, and I'll drive you over myself."

This appeal was not without its effect. "Oh, all right, miss," the driver growled surlily, "I'm not afraid. But I'll ask you not to blame me if it's the death of us." And even as the door banged again the coach ground its way off into the impenetrable darkness.

"Martha Prince," muttered Luke as he picked his way back to the group at the door. "Poor thing, poor thing."

Dark and mysterious rose the Thunderer as the coach entered its mighty forests. The whole hill seemed humming in the rain and darkness as if under the blows of a gigantic sledge hammer. Often the lightning would flash blindingly for seconds at a time, revealing the evergreens, or disclosing vistas of rock-

strewn terraces stretching off into the distance. Up and up climbed the coach, the horses steaming and straining in the traces. Twenty times did the great, bulky stage narrowly escape being toppled over as its wheels ran high on some jutting rock by the roadside or sank into a gully worn into the road by the rushing waters.

At last the summit is reached, and the horses emerge into the less black space of the open. Flash! That is not lightning ahead, is it? No, it is too near, too sharp. Crack! It is a pistol fired close at the horses' heads. Shouts and commands ring out in the darkness and storm. "The mail, the mail! Stop! Get down! See to the mail, boys. We want the mail." A hand seizes the bit of the inner horse. Instantly the driver whips out a pistol from beneath the seat, and fires it toward the horses' heads. A cry of pain answers it. He has hit the off horse instead of the man. The frightened beast rears and plunges madly forward straight towards the precipice edge. A vast sheet of lightning lighted up the whole mountain. The men see the dark coach whirl forward, they see it topple, they hear the driver curse and cry out in great fear, they see the door swing open and a woman's pale face appear. A dreadful cry rings out.

"Oh, Martin, Martin! Save me, Martin!"

They rush forward; darkness sweeps back as if to hide the dreadful sight as coach, horses, driver, and girl whirl over and over, down and down. A crash, a scream, and all is still save for the mutterings of distant thunders, and the decreasing patter of the rain.

Many years after, the gay coaching parties that would come spinning up the Thunderer to obtain the beautiful view from the summit would see an old, white-haired man seated by the side of the road at the mountain's highest point, his hands crossed patiently on his cane, apparently gazing far away at the distant blue of the ocean. All afternoon he would sit there, hardly moving, but when the cool of evening approached, and the firs and spruces began to cast their shadows far out over the edge of the cliff, he would rise stiffly, glance up and down the road, advance to the edge of the cliff, and after gazing long and earnestly at the little stream below, turn and hobble away into the shadows of the woods toward the village. If you asked who the old fellow was, the worthy villager would laugh and tell you that was poor old crack-brain Martin Ames.

H. H. H. '02.

T H E I R R E W A R D

IT was a raw, cold, dreary day in the latter part of November. A disagreeable drizzle was falling. In short, it was one of those days when one likes to stay in the house and doze near a cheery fire. On the streets the few passers-by hurried on, anxious to escape from the dreariness outside. No one noticed the thinly clad little street violinist, who now scraped a few airs on his fiddle and now huddled up in the doorway, seeking to escape the rain.

It was getting late and only a few persons

were passing by. He tucked his violin under his arm and started up the street. He felt very tired, and it seemed to him as if he could not go another step. Just in front loomed up through the mist the outlines of the great cathedral. No one was in sight, so he sat down on the steps to rest and leaned back against the door, which, to his surprise, slowly swung in with the weight of his body. It was the work of a moment to slip inside and close the door. He made his way, groping in the dark, into one of

(Continued on page 15:)

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

HENRY A. BELLOWES	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Editor-in-Chief
T. FRANCIS JONES	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Business Manager
HOMER H. HARBOUR	}	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Editors
LOUIS ASHLEY DOUGHER		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	
DE WITT H. PARKER		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	
ELMER E. HOUSE	}	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Associate Editors from Class II.
WILLIAM J. A. BAILEY		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	

TERMS:—Fifty cents per year; by mail, sixty cents. Single copies, ten cents. Advertising rates on application.
Contributions are solicited from undergraduates.
All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written, and on one side only of the paper. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the paper and the merits of the manuscript.
Published by the STUDENTS OF THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL, Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Entered at the Boston Post Office as second-class mail matter.

Printed by J. FRANK FACEY, 36 Prospect Street, Cambridge. Telephone 494-3.

JUNE, 1902

The board of editors for THE REGISTER of 1902-1903 has been chosen, and is made up of the following members: Editor-in-chief, Elmer Elwin House; business manager, Frank D. Littlefield; associate editors from the first class, E. E. Bruce, J. A. Fitzgerald, H. E. Wilson; associate editors from the second class, G. Emerson, J. B. Coolidge. We wish them success.

Now that June is here and the end of school is in sight, plans for vacation are, no doubt, being made by most of us. It may be that some will be nearly, if not quite, as busy during the next two months as they have been during the past ten. Others, however, and the majority I suppose, will have much leisure time, and some of this time, rainy days or Sundays for instance, will not admit of engaging in out-of-door sports. How to employ this leisure time is an interesting question.

It is needless to advise any one not to study during the summer. We need no one to tell us that the brain requires rest, that better work can be done in the fall, after resting the brain and eyes during the hot summer months. And, too, the advice I once heard a teacher give just

before the close of school was unnecessary. His advice was not to read during vacation books which require much effort. Yet, while we do not require to be told not to read deep or learned books, nevertheless, some I fear, will go to the other extreme and waste their time over worthless, insipid books, which weaken the intellect and deprave the taste. There are plenty of good books that do not necessitate any arduous labor in the reading, that are entertaining and restful, and at the same time helpful and educative. Such, especially, are good works, in which our language is eminently rich. Why not employ the rainy July days in increasing your acquaintance with the standard English and American novelists? In the winter you have your lessons to get; your may have no time for such reading then. But in those rainy July days——? Have you read all of Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Jane Austen, Hawthorne, Cooper, George Eliot, not to mention many others less renowned? Now I know that some will say that they do not wish to reflect, get excited, or be made sad by the reflective, emotional and tragic portions which the authors mentioned above contain. Scott is often dull, they say; Dickens is often harrowing, George

Latin School Register II

Eliot is often morose and depressing. It takes effort to read these books. I admit that works of some authors may be sometimes harrowing, dull, morose, depressing. But that because some parts of the works of these authors are as has been described is any reason for putting them aside to make place for the sensational and insipid matter, of which there is so much printed every year, for neglecting them in the only moments one has time to read them perhaps, seems to me unworthy — to put it mildly — of the elder Latin School boy. As to the assertion that it takes effort to read a good novel—well, the only answer to be made is, it is too bad; you had better begin now and see if, by a more healthful regimen, you cannot develop some strength of mind.

The school year is done. Once more we lay aside our books and hie ourselves to many far-removed retreats, there to pass the summer as pleasantly as we can. Once more we greet the long vacation with joyful hearts for it comes just when studies are most irksome. For long weeks we have been obliged to compel ourselves to do our lessons; we have had to struggle against many well-nigh insurmountable difficulties.

However, welcome as the summer vacation is, it brings with it pain together with its pleasure. It severs our connection with Virgil and Merimee and Xenophon, all of which is very acceptable, but it also means that many of us are to be no longer members of this school.

If we "say it quickly," so to speak, we do not realize the importance of our severance from school life. We laugh and pass along. What need is there to borrow trouble? The sun is bright, the skies are cloudless, we are young; what more can we want to be supremely happy. Such a little thing as closing our career at the

Boston Latin School is of no account. We dismiss it from our minds.

But soon it comes back, creeping in softly and stealthily, and we are forced to face it. We are no longer members of the Latin School. We are not to return next September and take our places in the Hall, and hear Mr. Fiske read from the Scriptures, and greet the new-comers, and dismiss the assembled boys to their different rooms. No, that happy time is gone forever, and in our blindness, we did not realize just how happy it was.

Next September will find the class of 1902 scattered far and wide. Many will be in Cambridge where they may have opportunities of seeing each other occasionally. Many more will be here and there all over New England. And still others will be many leagues away from the Latin School, from Boston, from New England. Perhaps some of us may never meet again, once we part here.

To many of us, the parting will have a tinge of sadness. We have been several years together. We have formed ties of friendship that we would not break. We have seen each other for so long that with the parting will come a little shock. Only at the last moment will we realize the significance of the strong hand-clasp, the steady look, the short farewell. The Frenchman and the Latin delights in demonstration. We Americans do not.

In years to come, when we have traveled far, we may meet an old classmate. Then what memories will be stirred! We shall again live over our recitations, our "flunks" and our "fives," our declamations, our football games, our drill days. We shall again be Latin School boys, no matter how many white hairs may adorn our heads. And when we separate, each to sail on his own course, it will be with a strange tugging at the breast, a slight quiver of the voice, a long hand-shake, and a moistening of the eye.

12 *Latin School Register*

M I L I T A R Y

THE annual parade of the Boston School Cadets was held May 31, the same date as last year. Although the public appearance of the cadets was originally scheduled for the sixteenth of the month, it was postponed in order that the representatives of the French government, who were visiting the city, might review the youthful soldiers at City Hall. The visitors seemed very much interested in the parade, one even going so far as to lean over the platform and applaud.

The cadets reported at the drill hall at 9.15 A. M. Quickly the First regiment was formed and marched out upon the street. At 9.50 everything was ready and the music struck up just at ten o'clock. The marching of the companies was very good and much applause was heard all along the line, especially in the business section, where the windows were filled with spectators wildly shouting and beating the window-sills with sticks.

The cadets passed in review in columns of platoons before Mayor Collins and the Frenchmen at City Hall. The ropes were lined with pretty girls, and many a lieutenant was loudly applauded as he strode by at the head of his platoon.

Just before reaching the State House the brigade was formed in columns of companies and passed in review before Governor Crane and Colonel Flanagan. Each regiment had its own band play it past the State House. Column of masses were formed on the Common and the cadets were dismissed for lunch.

And that lunch! Every year better rations are promised, but the quantity never improves. If any fellow got a satisfactory lunch, he is to be congratulated. We didn't.

After a very short recess, the assembly sounded

and the brigade was inspected by members of the school committee and a military escort. Then the companies passed in review before Colonel Cronan and the military work of the year was done.

Last year our regiment, at least the first and second battalions, lost all semblance of military order on the way home from the Common. But this year there was a change. Each company continued its good work of the year and passed in review for the last time before Colonel Flanagan on Clarendon Street.

The weather was perfect, dry streets, a warm sun, and a cool breeze. Never was Dame Nature kinder to the youthful soldiers of Boston. The only disagreeable feature was the exceedingly rough condition of the Parade Ground on the Common.

We have had a very successful year of military drill. From the very first the cadets entered into their work with some spirit, and the Prize Drill last March was never excelled by any previous one. Colonel Benyon and the officers have acted well together and the result can be seen in the splendid showing made by the organization at its two public exhibitions. Discipline has been very good throughout the year and no colonel ever had more reason to be proud of his regiment than had Colonel Flanagan.

The retiring officers wish their successors every form of good luck and offer the record of 1901-1902 as a model, either to be equalled or even to be improved upon.

Colonel Flanagan and Captain Fitzpatrick officiated as judges at the drill of the Charlestown High School cadets.

A T H L E T I C S

THE CREW.

THE preliminary trials of the Inter-scholastic boat races were held on the Charles River, Monday afternoon, May 26. There was a very large attendance all along the wall and on the boat houses.

Three heats were rowed, with four crews in a heat. Noble's won the first, Stone's the second, and Brown and Nichols' the third. Stone's school won its heat in 5 min. 42 sec., which beats the old record of 5 min. 45 sec., made by Noble and Greenough two years ago.

The third heat had as starters, English High, Boston Latin, Cambridge Latin, and Brown and Nichols'. Cambridge Latin and Brown and Nichols' broke even on the start and passed under the arches of the bridge side by side. The two crews struggled on to the half mile mark, holding each other nicely, while Boston Latin was a length behind, giving E. H. S. its backwash.

Little by little Brown and Nichols' brought the waist of its shell up to the prow of Cambridge's boat. Arnold called for a spurt and Cambridge came up even with Brown and Nichols'. This was the last spurt Cambridge could make and Brown and Nichols' dashed across the line, winner by half a length. English High never once threatened B. L. S. who came in third.

The officials were: Referee, Dr. Hugh Cabot, Union Boat Club; judges at finish, Robert Ware, J. E. O'Connell, R. Thanish, Dr. McGrath; starter, H. H. Holton, B. A. A. The crews in third heat were:

First; Brown and Nichols' (Wilder, stroke; Cummingham, 3; Goolade, 2; Beach bow; Pratt, cox.); second, Cambridge Latin, (Hope, well, stroke; Child, 3; Bleu, 2; Holland, bow; Arnold, cox.); third, Boston Latin (Edwards, stroke); Tucker, 3; McMichael, 2; Monro,

bow; Hanlon, cox.); fourth, English High School, (Hanahan, stroke; Woodbury, 3; Monahan, 2; Grouse, bow, Peabody, cox.) Time, 5 min. 53 2-5 sec.

TENNIS.

This year four of our fellows entered the Harvard Interscholastic Tennis Tournament, viz., Gatch, Brown, Niles and Bruce. Gatch and Brown, each drawn against an Andover man, lost by the following score: Gatch, 6-4, 6-2, and Brown, 6-4, 4-6, 6-0. Niles in the first round defeated Stanton of Newton High 6-4, 6-3, and in the second round he met Stetson of Andover, a man worthy of his steel, who won the match by the skin of his teeth, and nothing more, by the score 4-6, 6-3, 6-4. Bruce got into the third round, beating Reynolds of Andover 6-4, 6-4, and Donsmore of the same school in the second, 6-1, 6-5. With Stetson, the man who beat Niles, Bruce met his fate being beaten two sets 6-3, 6-3.

As is seen, the four men who entered the tournament won three points for the school.

Considering the small number of men who went in, we think that the work done in the tournament reflects honor upon the school.

Niles, Sweetser, Jones, and Bruce entered a tennis tournament held at Franklin Park, Memorial Day. There were in the tournament some good players, and to win it was a far more difficult task than to win the championship of the school. Niles, however, accomplished the feat, defeating Bruce in the finals 6-2, 6-3, 6-3, and received as a prize a "Davis," a racket made by Wright and Ditson. Niles shows a remarkable ability for the game, and the school will make a great mistake, if it is not represented every year at Cambridge, at least as long as Niles is in the school; for I have every reason to believe that he will win the in-

14 Latin School Register

terscholastic tournament sooner or later. I must say a word in commendation of Sweetser who plays remarkable tennis for a fellow so young.

The tennis team played E. H. S. May 29, defeating them in each event. The score is as follows :

Singles.

Niles beat Erwin 6-0, 6-0.

Bruce beat Wilson, 5-7, 7-5, 8-6.

Doubles.

Marks and Westfall beat Morrison and Haley 6-8, 6-1, 6-2.

E. E. B. '03.

BASE BALL.

BOSTON LATIN 11, HOPKINSON 6.

B. L. S. defeated Hoppy on the Locust Street grounds, 11-6, May 23. "Charlie" White was very much in evidence, having eighteen strikeouts, and "Horatius" Shanahan helped him materially in this success. Had Latin school's fielding been better Hoppy might not have scored even six runs.

In the first inning Boston Latin scored four runs on three consecutive singles, and Hoppy made three tallies on the same number of errors and a few hits. "Prof." Hooley had his bat with him and used it on three different occasions, as did Arthur McCarthy. The score :

BOSTON LATIN.

	r	bh	tb	po	a	e
Cox, s. s.....	1	1	1	2	2	1
White, p.....	2	2	2	0	3	1
O'Donnell, r. f.....	0	2	2	0	0	0
McCarthy, 1b.....	2	3	4	6	0	0
Hanley, m.....	1	1	1	2	0	1
Hooley, 3b.....	3	3	3	1	1	0
Gilbert, l. f.....	0	2	3	0	0	0
Shanahan, c.....	1	0	0	15	1	2
Mahan, zb.....	1	0	0	1	0	3
Totals	11	14	16	27	7	8

HOPKINSON.

Barnes, 3b.....	1	1	1	2	1	0
L. Davis, c.....	2	2	3	4	2	1
Orr, s. s.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Goddard, 1b., p.....	0	1	2	8	1	0
Colley, zb.....	0	0	0	3	5	0
L. H. Davis, p., 1b.....	0	0	0	5	0	0
Hammond, l. f.....	1	0	0	1	0	0
Evan, m.....	1	0	0	1	0	0
Benton, r. f.....	0	1	1	0	0	0

Totals..... 6 5 7 24 9 1

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Boston Latin	4	2	0	1	3	1	0	0	—11
Hopkinson	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	2—6

Two-base hits, McCarthy, Gilbert, Goddard, L. Davis, Stolen bases, Cox, White, Shanahan, Barnes, L. Davis, O'Donnell, McCarthy (2), Hooley (2), Gilbert. Base on balls, off White 2, Davis 5. Hit by pitched ball, Evan. Passed balls, Shanahan, L. Davis (2). Struck out, by White, 18; Davis 2. Umpire, O'Reilly. Time, 1 h. 55 m.

B. L. S. 11, BROOKLINE HIGH 1.

At the South End grounds, Memorial Day, our team won from Brookline High by a score of 11-1. We outclassed the Brookline boys completely. White put up a very steady game, striking out ten men. McCarthy fielded well and L. Pritchett was the only one on his team able to hit. The score :

BOSTON LATIN.

	r	bh	tb	po	a	e
Hooley, zb.....	1	1	1	5	1	1
Cox, s. s.....	2	2	2	0	1	0
French, 3b.....	1	2	2	1	1	0
McCarthy, 1b.....	1	0	0	7	1	1
White, p.....	2	1	1	1	3	0
Hanley, m.....	1	1	1	1	0	0
O'Donnell, r. f.....	1	2	2	0	0	0
Sullivan, l. f.....	2	2	2	1	0	0
Shanahan, c.....	0	1	1	11	0	0
Totals.....	11	12	12	27	7	2

Latin School Register 15

BROOKLINE HIGH.

E. Pritchett, 1b.....	0	0	0	11	0	0
Walsh, l. f.....	0	0	0	4	0	0
Dexter, 3b.....	0	1	1	3	3	1
Iverson, c.....	0	0	0	3	0	3
Barndollar, p.....	0	0	0	1	3	0
L. Pritchett, 2b.....	1	3	3	4	4	2
Lincoln, r. f., m.....	0	0	0	0	0	1
Kerrigan, m., s. s.....	0	0	0	1	0	0
Webb, s. s.....	0	0	0	0	1	3
Brackett, r. f.....	0	0	0	0	0	0

Totals..... 1 4 4 27 11 10

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Boston Latin6 0 0 1 0 0 0 2 2—11
Brookline High0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—1

Stolen bases, Cox 2, McCarthy, Hanley 2, O'Donnell, Sullivan, Walsh, L. Pritchett. Base on balls, by White 6, by Barndollar 2. Struck out, by White 10, by Barndollar 2. Sacrifice hits, Shanahan, Lincoln. Double play, Hooley to McCarthy. Hit by pitched balls, Cox, Webb. Umpire, Morris. Time, 2 h. Attendance, 5.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN 5, B. L. S. 4.

Cambridge Latin met Boston Latin at the the South End grounds May 16, and was the victor in a ten-inning game. The score being 5-4. B. L. S. put up a very fast game. Burns had fourteen strikeouts and did not give a hit until the sixth inning.

In the tenth inning a decision of umpire Murray spoiled our chances of success. Hooley, a bashful little fellow, was at the bat. He sent a slow grounder to the Cambridge pitcher, who fumbled it before throwing to first. Hooley sprinted on the inside of the base line and bothered Burns' throw. Brennan dropped the ball and Hooley was apparently safe. To the great surprise of everybody, especially modest little Hooley, the umpire declared the runner out. That decision lost us the game.

Cambridge started the tenth with three singles and aided by White's error two men came in. Burns, Conlin, Ellis, Brainard and Bren-

nan played well for Cambridge, and White, McCarthy, Cox and Shanahan for the losers. The score :

CAMBRIDGE LATIN.

	r	bh	tb	po	a	e
Conlin, c.	0	3	4	13	2	0
Brennan, 1b.....	0	0	0	8	0	1
Brainard, 2b.....	1	1	1	3	1	0
Ellis, 3b.....	1	2	2	1	0	2
Burns, p.	1	2	2	3	4	0
Garfield, r. f.....	0	1	1	0	0	0
McCarthy, l. f.....	0	1	1	1	1	0
Noonan, c. f.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Taylor, s. s.....	1	0	0	0	2	1

Totals..... 5 10 11*29 10 4

*Hooley out for interference.

BOSTON LATIN.

Cox, s. s.	0	0	0	3	0	0
White, p.....	0	1	1	0	5	1
Hooley, 3b.....	0	1	1	1	3	1
A. McCarthy, 1b.....	1	0	0	10	0	1
Hanley, c. f.....	1	2	2	1	0	0
Barnet, r. f.....	0	0	0	1	0	0
O'Donnell, r. f.....	1	2	2	0	0	0
Gilbert, l. f.....	0	0	0	1	1	0
Shanahan, c.....	0	0	0	11	3	0
Mahan, 2b.....	1	2	2	2	0	2

Totals..... 4 8 8 30 12 5

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

Cambridge.....0 0 2 0 0 0 0 1 0 2—5
Boston0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 2 1—4

Two-base hit, Conlin. Sacrifice hit, McCarthy. Stolen bases, Brainard, Burns, Noonan, Taylor, Hanley, O'Donnell, Shanahan. Bases on balls, by Burns 4, by White 2. Struck out, by Burns 14, by White 10. Passed ball, Conlin. Wild pitch, White. Hit by pitched ball, Brainard. Time, 2 h. 50 m. Umpire, Miah Murray. Attendance, 200.

(Continued from page 9.)

the great pews, settling down in it and finding a comfortable position. The great cathedral was warm and the seat very comfortable. Soon a sense of warmth stole over his half-benumbed

limbs and he settled down more snugly. Gradually tired nature asserted itself and he was soon asleep.

The night went on and the cathedral clock had just made the great edifice echo its midnight strokes as the great composer, his entire being on fire with the grand melody running in his soul, entered the choir and took his seat at the immense organ. The cathedral was still as death. Gradually a faint beautiful melody, like the sighing of the wind through the tree tops, sounding at first far away, then gradually growing in volume, filled every nook and corner of the great cathedral. It reached the sleeping boy and half roused him from his deep slumber. Yei, he felt a peculiar numbness stealing over him, at once mysterious and delightful. He heard the melody dimly, like one in a dream, and as the master-musician played on, the boy's soulswelled and vibrated with the rippling passion of the harmony, and he felt strangely light and free. But the next moment the music became harsh, loud and discordant, like the hoarse roar of the waters beating on a rock-strewn coast. In response his soul became depressed with fear and awe. Again the strain became one of the sweetest rippling harmony, and his soul seemed lifted out of his body, and, borne on the bosom of the strange melody, seemed to rise out of the cathedral into the open sky beyond.

Still with that passionate, heart-filling melody ever sounding in his ears, he was gently wafted up, ever up, his very soul in ecstasies of delight. Then that strange melody bore him up above the clouds, and a new, sweet, strange harmony, high above him and far away, reached him. Gradually the music from below died away. Yet he still rose higher, ever higher, his very soul almost leaping from his body in response to the power of the harmony above him.

Beyond the moon he went, the sun became a tiny speck in the distance, then he passed beyond the stars, with that same strange melody lifting him ever upward and thrilling his entire being with its exquisite strains. Shadowy be-

ings flitted about him ; little by little he passed from the darkness in which he had been wrapped like a pall, into a bright, blinding ray of light, leading to a most beautiful city. Angels were coming and going around the gate of the city and a band of them floated up the ray of light to the wanderer. The music gradually grew fainter and fainter and finally died away. Then the angels took him up in their midst, the ray of light expanded and shone with all the colors of the rainbow, and the angels bore him to the gate of pearl, through the streets of gold up to the very throne of the Almighty. The boy bowed his head, awe-stricken, not daring to look up as the Deity in a wonderfully tender voice said :

“ Except ye become as a little child, ye shall not enter the kingdom of Heaven.”

The boy woke from his dream. Still that same strange numbness on his limbs. It crept gradually over him. Somehow he felt in a dim way that his dream was soon to be realized. He gradually became unconscious and his soul slipped into eternity on the strains of melody from the master's hand.

Meanwhile a far different scene was taking place in another part of the city. In a brilliantly lighted apartment a late supper was being indulged in by four members of the city's fast set, with four actresses of somewhat questionable renown. The cup that cheers and likewise inebriates was circulating freely, and the company was in a jolly mood. Unnoticed, a cigar from the hand of one of the intoxicated men fell to the floor and quickly set fire to the lace and frippery on the dress of one of the women. No one noticed the smoke rising from under the table, in the dense smoke rising from the men's cigars. Suddenly the woman uttered a scream and sprang up with her dress ablaze. The table cloth was afire and some of the woodwork was beginning to blaze. Her drunken companions could not help her and she

rushed out into the hall of the hotel, screaming with terror and pain. The other seven were too intoxicated to realize their peril and the flames spread with lightning rapidity. Ere long, however, the engines arrived and all but one of the men were taken out. With their senses somewhat restored by a liberal application of cold water, they soon realized that Gene Dubois, the occupant of the apartment, was still in the burning building.

He was brought out, terribly burned, and hurried to the hospital. Meanwhile the fire had been restricted to one portion of the hotel and was finally put out. All night the unfortunate man lay in an unconscious condition. In the forenoon of the next day he returned to a consciousness of his terrible pain. His life was despaired of. For four days he lingered; then, as he was plainly sinking, he was told that he had but a few hours to live. The cry that greeted this announcement was one of a lost soul in the torments of hell. He could not die, he was not fit to die, he would not die. His whole past life was before him. What had he done? What had he accomplished? The answer came to him with remorseless reality, nothing.

One incident haunted him more than any other. It was his brother's dying charge to him: "I leave the boy to your care. Till he shall be of age you are to have charge of his fortune; but if you prove unfaithful—" The sentence was never finished, for the man died as suddenly as if struck by lightning. Gene remembered how he had fulfilled this wish for a year, how he had then given the boy to a private family, and then, as the desire to possess the great fortune grew upon him, how he had hired an assassin to make away with the boy. As his mind recalled these scenes he seemed to see the spectre of his dead brother glaring at him by his side. He rose from his pillow screaming, "There, there, don't you see it? Save me, save me, save me," and he fell back on his pillow exhausted, almost whispering the

last words. "Poor fellow," said the doctor, "his mind is wandering."

Again Gene half rose from his pillow, but fell back again with a moan. He felt a sudden shock, as of a lightning bolt; then darkness all around. He felt himself slipping, slipping; he put out his hands to save himself. In vain. He felt himself falling with awful swiftness through dense darkness. Suddenly he saw at his side the spectre of his brother. It was glaring at him, its eyes seemed coals of fire, and one thin hand was pointed at him in accusation. Still down, with the apparition ever present. He was speechless from sheer terror. After an interminable length of time he beheld far below him a faint, red glow, which rapidly increased in brightness. It was reflected on the spectre's face, causing the burning eyes to glow with greater malignity. It had grown very light, and in the very center of the brightness, he could see huge, red flames leaping and dancing as if in eagerness to receive him. He looked at the spectre of his brother, then tried to withdraw that look, but some invisible, irresistible power kept his eyes glued to the face of the spectre. The flames almost reached him. With a mighty effort he broke the spell, and, with a wild shriek implored mercy. In vain; an awful, cruel smile spread over the spectre's face.

In the hospital the sick were all startled by the despairing shriek from No. 17. "He had a hard time of it," exclaimed the doctor.

The following appeared in a newspaper the following morning:

"A street gamin was found dead in a pew of the cathedral by the sexton. How he entered is unknown, as all the doors were locked the night before by the sexton himself. His name and family are unknown."

"One of our best known and most respected citizens, Gene Dubois, who was one of the party almost cut off in the burning hotel, died as a result of his terrible burns at St. Mary's hospital last night. He was very popular and his early death will be a matter of sorrow to his many friends."

E. E. H. '03.

PRIZE DEGLAMATIONS.

On June 6 the Annual Prize Declamations were held. An exceptionally large audience was present. The following prizes for the year were awarded:

For Excellence in Classics.

Theodore F. Jones, Thomas M. Simpson, Elmer E. House, Earle L. Legg, Edwin W. Darling, Joseph B. Coolidge, Parker B. Francis, Peter L. Dillon, Roswell T. Pearl, Leonard A. Daggett, Dexter Perkins, Harold T. Johnson, Cris N. Burlingame, Cornelius F. Regan, Holman I. Pearl, Henry T. Schnittkind, Herbert E. Monahan.

For Excellence in Modern Studies.

Henry A. Bellows, Elias Finberg, Rufus C. Folsom, Harold E. Wilson, Ralph M. Corson, Isaiah Sharfman, Aaron Prussian, Charles S. Barnet, John B. Worcester, Leon N. Alberts, William A. Fotch, Charles W. Brown, Stanley W. Moulton, Warren F. Walker, Edward Stuart, Hyman Green, Milton H. Cowperwaite.

Declamation Prizes.

First prize, Lucius S. Hicks; second prizes, Henry C. Reardon and Alfred L. Benohinol; third prizes, Leon Strauss and James W. Twombly; special prizes, William H. Barrow and Barton Mott.

Reading Prizes.

First prize, Harry E. Mason; second prizes, Allan G. Tenney, Louis A. Dougher; third prizes, Owen McCusker, Charles E. Whitmore.

For Exemplary Conduct and Punctuality.

Theodore F. Jones, DeWitt H. Parker, Thomas M. Simpson, Rufus C. Folsom, Elmer E. House, Roswell T. Pearl, John B. Worcester, Charles W. Brown, Holman I. Pearl, Joseph W. Finkel, Henry T. Schmittkind, Hyman Green.

For Exemplary Conduct and Fidelity

Dana M. Wood, Herbert S. Whiting, Quincy W. Wales, James F. Newcomb, Arthur L. Stevenson, John G. Breslin, William B. Constock, Morris S. Levine, Marcus Horblit, Walter F. Hall, Frederick H. McNamara, Louis W. Hickey, Lloyd L. Heald, Carey S. Lord, William G. O'Hare, Harold A. Murch.

The Gardner Prize.

Homer Howells Harbour.

The Derby Gold Medal.

Henry Adams Bellows.

Prize for a Perfect Record of Attendance During the Entire Course.

Walter H. Freeman. Honorable mention of Henry C. Reardon and Dana M. Wood.

Prize for Conspicuous Service in the Department of Music.

Archibald T. Davison, Jr. Honorable mention of LeRoy M. Rand.

WINDEMERE SUMMER CAMP FOR BOYS

WINNECOOK LAKE, UNITY, MAINE

A place for study and recreation in the woods of Maine

Opens July 2, 1902 Closes August 28, 1902

Personally conducted by Howard A. Ross, A. B., Physical Director, Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H.

REFERENCES:

Walter A. Robinson, A. M., Boston Latin School
Edward Stanwood, Litt. D., The Youth's Companion
Harlan P. Amen, Principal of Phillips Exeter Academy
Dudley A. Sargent, M. D., Harvard University

Apply to the Principal for Prospectus

BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN UNION

48 BOYLSTON STREET, (Next Hotel Touraine)

Membership, \$1.00 Per Year



Evening Classes, Weekly Entertainments, Illustrated Lectures, Public Religious Services, Etc.

Library, over 15,500 vols. Telephone, Oxford 123

Gymnasium, \$5.00 and \$8.00 per year

WM. H. BALDWIN, President

GEORGE PEIRCE, Secretary

The Cut

and general finish of our School Cadet uniforms give a natty appearance not to be found in other makes. Custom Made in first-class manner. Fit and workmanship guaranteed. Prices the lowest. Non-Commissioned Officers' Trousers, Chevrons, Caps, Wreaths, and Letters.

The Harding-Taylor Company

73 SUMMER STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

PARTRIDGE'S



Athletic Outfittings

For Base Ball, Basket Ball, Track, Tennis, Polo, Etc.

Best Bargains in Boston

84 Franklin Street

Official Outfitters for B. L. S. A. A.

\$15.00 GIVEN AWAY FREE TO CLEAR THINKERS

WE are introducing our Nonpareil fountain pens and Oriental pearl handle pens by forming mathematical clubs. Upon receipt of your name and address and \$1.00 (to cover all expenses) we will mail free one Nonpareil fountain pen, or one Oriental pearl handle pen, as you choose, and a certificate of membership in our club. When fifty members are enrolled, we send each member a set of five problems (no catch problems). The first member sending the correct solutions of all five problems will receive \$10.00 and the second will receive \$5.00. The lists of problems will all be mailed at same mail. TREMONT SPECIALTY CO., 178 Tremont Street Boston, Mass., Dept. M.

J. E. Purdy & Company

It has ever been our honorable ambition to so conduct our picture making as to merit the approbation of our patrons and the commendation of all who know us. We have fitted our establishment for the execution of the largest commission and with eternal persistency demanded careful dispatch of the very smallest. And the result? Well! we have our reward. A plant and equipment second to none and a reputation for good things ne'er dreamed of in youthful photography.

Now is an opportunity to get a class rate card. Anyone in school will favor you and it will be a favor, too, if you have use for it.

146 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON

Please mention the REGISTER when you patronize advertisers.

PERNIN SCHOOL

100 BOYLSTON STREET

BOSTON

A. A. B. entered this school November 11. Studied Practical Book-keeping and PERNIN Shorthand. Was placed by the School in good position on February 3. You may do as well. Trial free, day or evening. Uneducated not taken.

Boston University Law School

Over 30 Instructors and 400 Students

Send for Leaflet, "Where
to Study Law"

SAMUEL C. BENNETT, Dean

If you find Latin dry get a Soda at
THE DRUG SHOP, H. O. NUTE CO.
Columbus Ave. and Dartmouth St.
Also a full line of Drugs and Candy

J. FRANK FACEY Printer

36 Prospect Street, Cambridgeport

Telephone 494-3

All kinds of School and Society
Printing

Please mention the REGISTER, when you patronize advertisers.

FRYE SCHOOL

Trinity Court
Dartmouth Street, Boston

Thorough preparation for College, Scientific and Professional Schools. Also Business and Junior Courses. Attention to individual needs secures rapid progress. Personal interview desirable.

L. F. GRIFFIN,
Principal.

WRIGHT & DITSON

Leading Base Ball Outfitters



Wright & Ditson's Intercollegiate Base Ball is especially adapted for school and college matches, \$1.25

Wright & Ditson's League Ball, 1.00

Wright & Ditson's League Bats are finely balanced, thoroughly seasoned and are hard drivers. .75

Uniforms, Shoes and other Supplies are the Best. Send for Catalogue.

Wright & Ditson

344 Washington Street
BOSTON, MASS.

The University of Maine

ORONO, MAINE

A public institution, maintained by the state and the United States. Undergraduate courses; Classical, Latin-Scientific, Scientific; Chemical, Agricultural, Preparatory Medical; Civil, Mechanical. Electrical and Mining Engineering; Pharmacy, four and two years' course; Short and Special Course in Agriculture. Annual Tuition, \$30.00. Total expenses very low.

School of Law, located in Bangor, maintains three years' course. Tuition, \$60.00 per year; diploma fee only extra charge.

For catalogue and circulars, address

GEORGE EMORY FELLOWS,
President.